

ILLUMINATIONS
Jim Leftwich

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Anguish

form is a given end and fluid for the day of our impotence. thighs the length of everywhere being myself. the wonders wander in original freedoms of relish, at the border of usage the brother, love of the other. I swear on the stairs of sand, the murmurs of the glance laugh at our silence.

Antique

ahead of the relentlessly speckled with language, circumambulated in that thought is the sound of eggs.

Barbarian

steeple and ears, not that they do not exist, but the heroes farm the forms, far from the milk of anguish, the existential bliss of frost, moss on the montane and the dung of doubt. our forests are still in flames. chasms of fear and bars wet with the forms of music, the miniscule voice teaching us groves and seams the stammer.

Beauteous Being

the status of beauty secretes musical sickness notwithstanding rust in the dance, on the shoulders of the savior these souls are unfurled, tears of love in the fumes of the body. watermelons and the mystical melody, both unfair.

Bottom

eat the personality. enormous ladles folded in the shadows of love. her

doors. eat the shadows of the eyes. the soles of the aquarium are a
brainless tune. the albino women are sick of themselves.

Childhood

map without blemish or vulture returns games, naive and felt. twinkling
free yields rain below the sea. the seams in the verbs or the sounds of
moths in sulfur, marriage of tents and harps. boldly apart. a rose brushes
sound and stands before this mentation, apart and love in towers. the
mineral read as the grail must have the spark enclosed in a rusted wind. a
village of ovaries in the hymn, the eternity of song which stops the
stricken beast. no mistaking the corpse of ribbons. in tune with the thirst,
therein the sway. the pale dancers of my lightning play love to the sounds
of ash. someone pretty and foolish mulched in their eye. love howls farms
to the ends of the lead. womb from the sound of thunder, wine and the
slough of books, the terrain is as mad as the unread wind. nothing can
assure these bevels of gables and mead. fire eye, wound, and the bones
of the vault.

Cities

whole homes and lease of dreams were the word of that movie encircled
in alligators, mold and melody. resplendent banality of clams and rabies in
the congregation, a blight upon the montane, Bothand covered in abyss
and thighs, the apothecary serif of the centaur beveled in avalanche and
love. troubled by the sound of fleas and seams, one hope in our gobble,
undressed and fleet under diaphanous noon. the ironic taverns sing the
doubts of bone, honed silk and avalanche, the normal collation of paradise
a cerebation of dawn. I went down into the conspiracy of whores where
the frozen consonants elude the fatuous phantoms of our meat. our will
still lives in the meat and lumber of our pavement.

Cities

moist impossible delirium ineffable before the singularity and the buildings,
archfiend the central exhibit, past and wedged and governed by a saw, the
werewolf asterisk around the killing buildings, they have no punitive nature
but the participles farm the seams between a short bridge and the

dominion of semantics, a structure of perimeters in otic feet and wind.
around the night a prodigy of eyes. the apotheosis of a level form,
impossible and stylized with seams, but the kabob and the bonbon, the
dirigible severed of its weight, the hooked forms of the Hopi, the porpoise,
the strangler, the venture capitalists, the heretics, meet in beautiful pairs,
elementary as a louse. the hoes of the self are phantom newels of light.

City

content because all furniture is in the layout of the face. corals and lamps
are an expression of the whole, their educated identities at times longer
than lactation. the form of the window is a seam of smoke. goodnight; my
countess is assembled with laughter and criminal howls.

Common Nocturne

the fallen diapers eclipse the widows. a waterproof, periodic panty isolated
on my sofa. the orbit stops at the figurine, picture the gavel as a
normative sport. the breasts dream the will. my lungs are spitting wafers
and sparks, the health of the boundaries.

Dawn

dawn in the laces of crimped whim. the warm sickness of the rose a
sounded doubt. the fields of her name are filled with cognizant trouble. I
sailed in the whore of my eyes, among the garfish and the fleas, her
chastity grappled impossible as the moon.

Democracy

our archons drum the cyclical revolts. the vices of millennial love, scripts
and igneous letters, the avant and the gnome.

Departure

unenviable verbs, the seams of the evening stand with violins, a gnosis in

the voice.

Devotions

her vortex hymn formed of thesis and bayou. the fever of severed love. a taste for the unfinished damage, her holy mantra, submission. the eyes of the verbs are a succulent memory. the terror of the moment, the weight of that. the unread myths and religions stand in the chaos of the metaphor.

Fairy

imbalanced snaps the silent boat perfumes. the women sing in pails of blood, stop the trembling of gender in the shadows. given to susurrus and surety, our unicorn.

Flowers

cream of the sheen, burnt hats and digital opinions, her fair hegemony spoken in the sound of rabies, no love and no song.

Genie

the mask of the mummy drinks the superfluous thesis. in our storms the ecstatic marvels, love instruction and terror, on the passionate heath, infinite and gone. the promenade of history is ancient. a flounder on the porch, downy accordions, the gates of being in love with a terrible fiction. the intensity of shattered vision, historic raisins, restless music of the ancient wand, new anvils faked and loved away from rape. the crowd is feeling the hymn sway, now, in the historic body.

H

atrocious pastures of her solitude under childhood's argent misogyny. suddenly the ground shudders in the past tense.

Historic Evening

the naive, the native horrors of the harpsichord, the notochord, the pond and the wand. no heresy more legendary than the sun. the horses, the mistress of the planet, folded in ancient sapphire, the brittle world elected to its worthless melodies. the mailman in elements of psychic submission, psychic horses in his fiction, planetary fleas and certain serial personas of the Bible, nothing in it but doubt.

Lives

withstanding the breath of time, women and eyes by the liver, the carom of the harlot and the smile of fear, the last of the unread loves uncovered. as chaos awaits the fall, the musician, cowering in the key of his gloves, speaks a language of princes and ships and myths, the lives of sex when my passion was a portion of indifference. beside the countess the prince is a ruse of stances, no moments for the vicissitudes of the mailman, swollen ash and human swath, the women as fair as ash. the scent of a swollen myth recreates my middens. I am reality by omission.

Marine

a sliver of wheels roams, rambles the breath of the web, the least forecast the petty whirl elides.

Metropolitan

pink crystal vines immediately brood the city. it is night in the albatross, a normal bitumen mourning the rattle and bumps. those who ridge the unread dinners, those lumps and theses of the country, that witch delightful bowers dreaming atrocities, the quail inside the noun, these are inner princesses, a gift of ruddy stars. your luggage rose lips hips and dreams, your length, the solar pun.

Morning of Drunkenness

fair enough, feathered enchantment, marvels, boldly childlike poison. fair

enough, disheartening tongues, male promises mailed to departure and the zither. a certain disgust to grasp this eternity, fumes of the austere body in flames, holy heresy and a beginning of angel ice. the cause of the pronoun is you, as they say: you. we have faith in the verbs of the assassins.

Motion

the liver fails the turn and the coat, rails and burnt light charged sprouts of trash. the storm of the world is a chemical tune, attuned to hymn and width. reduction of the hips, laziness and studious light. an apparition of blood, germs or fugues of slippage, the hydrant in the sock, ecstatic love uncovered or discovered in spherical accidents. the spark in the cauldron of the yard.

Mystic

the wooden wheels in the midden, the bridge rattles their curve. onions, sand, a composition of hell and flight. the stars fold into a fakery of bellows.

Phrases

in a dark wood, a beach entwined with symphony. old manners of luxurious fear should heat the eye like the candle of youth. black verbs mad with usage. the throne of the widow. child Oven and her wife under our imperious village. sooner than a waste of ashes eating wounds on the devastated longing yields the unread boys sleeping in your gardens. golden rain from the chance of an eye. continuous wheat, wheat west of the eye in an incandescent fall. the beasts ate the lungs of the clouds. black as the jests of India, and burning in my laughter.

Promontory

our big mind depends on the epicurean island of Japan, burnt heat at the cost of flowers and embouchure. corrupt facial waters, a strange polarity in the glands of the hands, why we lean to love and the history of

insufficiency, the whores and the illuminated dancers, the play of the given around the speculated palace.

Royalty

the mental peonies, the pubic rant, the smoke of a terminal ecstasy, for a whole morning I was spangled in jimson, while the maidens toiled in the arms of the warden.

Ruts

the lovers in this corner of their violence, the sweat and guts of the road, goats covered in burnt light, the dented apples circled in a plastic mist, recreation within the legs but fairly pale, pastures of the turban, canopic light, a long low singing to the truth of lack.

Sale

what breath of the unknown to a probability of cognizance? the awakened will in an instant only one form of the senses. the side of the face is a gash of diamonds. one forum of the senses, the daimonion. the senseless present is a statistical agon of death. love in the portals of the voice. the fake thesis and the passionate germs. i want to wake up in the sensible splendor, less mad and a satiety for the sobbing. the terror of the moment severed from its locks, half of a turn in this amount.

Scenes

a harmonic dissonance sings the boulevards. in our socks and fiend we plunder the phonemes. their leaves are a Masonic archipelago of love. mute wand of the sand, carnival beheaded by brooms and walls, at the top of the answer a movie is weaving our vatic feelings. a page of that between heaven and our footprints.

Side Show

the noise of the voyage is a fake, the voyage of love askance and trickery,
still lead is a tool of the wound, the scent of terror nauseous on their
faces. the other to a tune of hero in no romance of the spirit. on their
knees a hymn of locks combines with the cause of songs. the persona
eyes the name, no fire and no show.

Tale

dove voice and hymn sloughed by groceries, heat love and unsuspected
habits, the flux of essence was a hiss of wants, his head a sassafras
beauty. not the heat, not ditto, but a apparition of women that flowed in
the fire. the fallow hymn, the moat of fire, the throat and apron of the
song. the rain remained still sand and rain. news of the hiss and genius of
uneven winds, a premise of happenstance or love, not the genius of
wealth dying of its weather. extraordinary ash and the form of fire.

The Bridges

a strange design of others descending the figuratively banal, but the
burden of the witch begins with the polarized sign. disturbed taken out of
musical integrity stitches a seismic hymn to the destroyed hiss of a
comedic sea.

To A Reason

the film, or the thesis of nude harmony, mentations and their hour of love,
a plague upon the ginger and the raisins, the hour of the tuned egg, and
the verbal whore.

Vagabonds

i loved him in a surprise of eyes, weak shoulders but pliant ash, should the
innocent sand alter the wounded ampersand, I would by all banality end
the eternal extravagance of truth, I would lie in the moist thin mouth of
the hadal hiss, meant into the imbricate sorrow, a hymn of storied
mourning, the biscuit, the palace, and the formula of the face.

Vigils

neither selvedge nor language, nor spoken thematic torment, not the wrought wife of the hiss, bold and cruel, past grain and coronation, the will oppressed by geological attitude, truth and impossible fallen mist, the nude sounds of the beasts, embolic seahorse thistle.

War

the shape of visionary grace, a supernal mathematics eats the eyes, strange children stand in the logical phrases of light.

Winter Fete

shut fire. the avalanche of the boulevards. settled treads the glove, love unread and pyrrhic. the book of the frozen ladle.

Working People

the unnamed and the damned are memories of a rest. chickens coated with sentiment and ash, we were talking about love as a cast of civil idiots, fried wills hidden in the meat. attrition takes precedence to the mouth, little fishy voices following the habits of the other world. slaughter in the mouth. my childhood was sunbathing in the length and form of meat, a vicious butter affixed to the top of the tarnished image.

Youth

as obscene as assembled heavens in the heat of the world stacked and evaded by ramifications the probable delights of drunkenness fictional in the voice of consciousness glowing glasses. wash the flesh in a bodice on the vigil of fertile citation. your forehead is a clown, impassioned fleece of notes, the form of the excess reflected through representational thought. psychic landmines, egomaniacal bitumen, the optimistic howls of summer, the fair impotent melodies of the hand. a waste of antic pride and harmonic terror. around your will the present is porous, mediated by love.

the senseless will, the impulsion of the will, what will it seem as a that of the present?

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